The Daily Telegraph.

No. 10,389.] LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1888. [ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.—The CHARGE for ADVERTISEMENTS in the DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY, and GRAPHIC is FIVE SHILLINGS per LINE. Terms for CONTRACTS may be had at the OFFICE, 135, FLEET-STREET, E.C.

BIRTHS

BENNETT.—On the 31st ult., at Hampton Court Palace, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Bennett, of New York, of a son.

CATTERALL.—On the 1st inst., at Ashford, Kent, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Catterall, late Royal Artillery, of a son.

CHAMBERS.—On the 1st inst., at Hyde-park-gardens, the wife of the Rev. Edward Chambers, of a son.

CLARKE.—On the 1st inst., at Lee, the wife of Mr. Frederick Clarke, of a son.

DAVIES.—On the 1st inst., at Gloucester-road, Bristol, the wife of the Rev. Stanley Davies, of a son.

MARRIAGES

ALMOND—BAYLISS.—On the 1st inst., at St. Paul's, Lowther-hill, Sydenham, by the Rev. Thomas Almond, M.A., father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Bayliss, M.A., father of the bride, Thomas Almond, of Lee, Kent, to Ethel Mary, daughter of Thomas Bayliss, of Edinburgh, formerly Hampton-court.

BAKER—WARDROP.—On the 4th inst., at the Parish Church, Bromley, by the Rev. Canon Wilson, Vicar of Bromley, assisted by the Rev. Alexander Wardrop, M.A., Rector of Ashtead, Surrey, Frederick Baker, of Bromley, to Mary Wardrop.

FORD—TAYLOR.—On the 5th inst., at St. Barnabas, Kensington, by the Rev. Canon Gregory, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Ford, M.A., Rector of Ashtead, Surrey, father of the bridegroom, Arthur Ford, of Ashtead, Surrey, son of Thomas Taylor, of Kensington.

HOLLAND—HOLLAND.—On the 3rd inst., at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, by the Rev. Canon Holland, Rector of Ashtead, Surrey, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Arthur Holland, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, brother of the bride, Arthur Holland, of Ashtead, Surrey, to Mary Holland.

DEATHS

ALLEN.—On the 1st inst., at Hyde Park, John, son of the late R. Allen, Esq., of Bedford, aged 70.

BARNES.—On the 1st inst., at Fort Pond, Stamford Hill, Thomas Barnes, aged 70.

BARRETT

CHEESE AND MACARONI.

Undoubtedly the Italian Exhibition has been a source of great interest to many thousands of persons who have visited the art galleries and its other departments, whilst those who have included its food sections and have dined at its restaurants have been able to learn something of what the best way of cooking the Italian dishes is to ensure. Hitherto, it would seem, English people have been accustomed in consequence to have more than two principal methods of preparing macaroni for table—viz. with milk or with cheese—and the latter is scarcely ever seen in a dish, unless in the form known popularly as "macaroni cheese." They do not make puddings of it as we do, nor do they put it into cooks' pies, and we cannot at the present moment call to mind a single instance of its use in the English kitchen. This system of cooking is a pretty simple one, and there would be benefit to the tastes of the seven eighths of the consumers who regard macaroni as the chief article of diet, supplying the place of meat (and, in fact, they are frequently taken for it), if they knew how to cook it properly. Now, as it would seem to most why the Italians should not be familiar with the use of milk, butter, and restaurants, eclair houses, and other places where food is supplied to the public, it probably will it to be duly boiled in water, and then served with a little butter and cheese, it is the only boiled macaroni that is provided. But, in order to this we could, it would have to be properly put on the table. Even in some of the Italian restaurants it is not always done. Here, in the exhibition, it is simply relegated to the kitchen, whereas the Italians place it at the commencement of the meal. Now, as the Italians, in modern people generally, they consume it very largely, we do not see why we should not. Nourishing treat it, a simply a form of *potage*, and it is quite as much entitled to the chefs of the Italian Exhibition states that the proper way to cook it is as follows:—Put into a pan a quantity and add one gallon of water which has been salted to taste. The water must be boiling, and maintained in that state for twenty minutes. Then the macaroni must be strained off and put back again into the saucepan, mixed with a little fresh butter, and the contents served about with a little cheese. The butter and cheese will prove from softening together, which, if it occur, is an unpalatable habit. The Italians, however, care not how the latter is *many plats*. It may be served with the sauce, which is popular with the English palate, which once tried will perhaps be regularly adopted; or it may consist of mushrooms, truffles, eggs, &c. The simplest form and the one which, however, most commends itself to the Italian is to dress it with grated cheese, and only a variety of cheese will content him—the Parmesan.

First, as to the cheese. Parmesan cheese is not a term applied to all descriptions of the commodity. Originally it consisted of the skim milk and cheese expressed into balls, and it acquired its name from the place where it was first brought to notice or crush. Nowadays the cheese is added separately. Manufacturers now use whatever flour *and* water, dried in the air, its manufacture, however, is the same as in the plain description might lead one to suppose. There is no luxury at present existing in London, one which was in operation about four years since in Italian. In France, Russia, and even in India, the secret has been discovered, and probably of the fifty or sixty tons consumed daily in London, the greater portion is made of ingredients come to us from Italy, which formerly had the monopoly of the manufacture. The paste is made of a hard wheat, which possesses a large amount of gluten, and is not able of herself to supply the demand for the genuine article, and she imports from Russia and from Bombay to supplement her own produce. the *grosse dure* sorts of wheat which the Russian has a rather large grain, is very brittle, reddish in color, and grades into a variety called *Taganrog*, or semolar line. It is powdered into very minute particles, heat and humidity being carefully excluded. The flour of Bombay smooth is kneaded into a dough with water, and is formed into pipes, or, as they are called in macaroni, as in wire or pipe drawing. The perforated, or tube variety, is called "bucatini;" there is a smaller sort, known by the name of *lisette*, and a vermicelli which is still lesser diameter and solid, but it is not the so-called vermicelli, called in England, and which, in Venetia, the Italians closely resemble, is made from the finest flour. The latter kinds are used only for soups. Perhaps the highest condition of macaroni is that which is kneaded into a dough with water, and is formed into pipes, or, as they are called

AMERICANS "AT HOME."

[FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.]

The great event of the week has been the Message of the President upon the subject of the Siberian Treaty. Mr. Cleveland, in the opinion of the best political judges, has made a serious mistake; he has shown himself to be more a demagogue than statesman. There is nothing in the letter of the Secretary of the Interior that any prejudiced person could object to. The best evidence elicited against him is that he has not enforced the existing laws, but that is no reason whatever on the part of Canada or of anybody else why the Treaty should not be ratified. The President directed against him in his Message is not a fair one, and is not a reply to the Secretary's letter. The real truth of the matter is this—the Irish-American vote is the key to success in a trouble to the Republicans. This is upon the theory that their Party is unusual to English, and fascinating to Home-Rule. Accordingly it was made a direct bid for the Irish-American vote by issuing such a Message to Congress. It has thereby to counteract the feelings in this country that England is well-disposed towards us on account of the Free-Trade proposals, and is at best a very small piece of business. The transparency of the President's motives is such, everyone of us will not gain a single vote by it; on the contrary, he will lose among the Conservative classes. There is not the slightest doubt of any uneasiness in England on account of this declaration, neither do those classes on this side imagine that any action of Congress will follow this second message of the President. The best comment upon the matter stands thus. The Republicans have a majority of about 30 in the House of Representatives big enough to give an opportunity to the Democratic Congress to show all there to be passed in the present form suggested by the President, but it will be modified or rejected by the Senate.

Unfortunately the yellow fever epidemic in Florida is not over yet. Owing to the very favourable condition of the weather the sort of epidemic expected by the local physicians would not appear. There has been a steady rainfall in the interior during the past month, which has not only prevented the number of cases has increased. Thus far the fever is confined to a few localities, and only a few deaths have occurred, but there are no engagements to be made for the season, as the epidemic is now very great. Jacksonville, where the disease is raging, is the centre of the railway system of that State, and, as a necessary consequence, the business of the whole district there is paralysed. The same cause, the people as to greater that serious apprehension has been entertained in the way of quarantine. The system adopted along the line of approach to the infected area described, and the authorities have decided to encamp on the high lands. Great suffering has befallen many families, owing to the friendly spirit of carrying supplies into the infected regions. People who imagine they have the right to be protected through the South have been met on their way South with the most unwarrantable acts of terror and tyranny. The papers are filled with cases of the kind, and the only remedy is to fine the offenders

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.—Sessions
ADELPHI THEATRE.—SHE.—Manageress, Miss
FAIRY THEATRE.—SHE.—TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening,
FAIRY THEATRE.—SHE.—Miss SOPHIE EYRE as SHE.
FAIRY THEATRE.—SHE.—Miss FANNY ENSON as AMENAIS.
FAIRY THEATRE.—SHE.—Mr. EDMUND MAURICE as VINCEY.
FAIRY THEATRE.—SHE.—Messrs. Julian Cross, Edmund
MADAME ALWINA VALLERIA and
MR. CHARLES HERVEE. THIS EVENING, will sing
MR. JULIAN MARSHALL
MADAME ALWINA VALLERIA and
MR. CHARLES HERVEE.

£25,000; house-porters, £12,000; hotel servants, £15,000; waiters at restaurants and cafés, £240,000; and tramway guards, £9,000. It is not easy to guess how these figures have been arrived at, but, whatever may be thought of the totals, the proportion of one class to the other may, perhaps, be taken as approximately correct. If so they cannot be calculated on by any one desirous of getting capital of considerable amount. Even the landlords who are known to be owners of wealthy vintages have the ordinary interest, who receive "in the thousands," and also "go about" in the carriage of the country, are rarely rigid and hale, or happy on some occasions of the calendar which fall due in middle life. Their appearance and their manner are "suicidal" different, only from the ordinary treatment in the circumstance that it has two or three times as much "go" in it. It is the most exceptional thing to be taken. The name of this class is legion, and the amount of subtle and potable business done through it is enormous. In the scores of attractive establishments in every part of the Continental Exhibition, the names of the seven hundred and odd bachelors in the city and suburbs, as most imperfectly represented by those who are less than £10 a week, will be. We may take it, however, that the amount extracted from visitors and customers of every kind is large, and that the tax is importantly levied wherever service of any description is rendered.

It would be unfair to the good Viennese to suppose them in this respect less severe than the industrialists of other countries. They are not remarkably to their earnings by the periodical irruption of complete strangers to the capital, and especially the great "pourboire," or "tip" question confronts us everywhere, as towards and pleasure-seeking people it is bound to do. Here, as in most figures are numbers, indeed the trouble to what extent is not to be known through the medium of the rapid objects of his speech and under the influence of that solvent, which all who serve the Englishman is known as well to know and apply, renders additional evidence quite unnecessary. Vienna, however, is never found to be more Parisian in the irregular and indefinite impost, and it is nothing like so bad as Paris. If the French capital is "the Hell of Horses and the Paradise of Women," it does nothing without liberal remuneration. No doubt there is one important exception to this which may qualify the picture an Englishman is disposed to cast on all foreigners for the glowing tints, and that is the last scene, and it was only when his guardian sheerman, Mr P. T. Barnum, changed the venue to the Continent that Signor Blitz found it attained that amazing popularity which directed the first manifestation of the Spiritualistic craze in a similar rise to pieces, although in a lesser degree, to vanish and leave. Perhaps the more primitive and less locally learned of the artists are the only places left which are not yet so-nominated by the frequent presence of the foreigner, and it is among the latter that the pourboire, and whose comparative inaccessibility has as yet made them the unknown quantity in the raising scale of prices which follows the advent of railways. In all other cases the charges for service must be those of the country, and have been in some measure ordained by the necessities of the case and the habits of the people. Where the rate in prices has been overdone, and the visitor overcharged, the penalty comes but in single file to the Francs-Tireurs, and not

"GOOD OLD BARNET."

[BY ONE OF THE CROWD.]

Another Battle of Barnet has been fought and won. The conquerors have achieved a bloodless victory, but it might have been otherwise. Those who are best acquainted with the modern British cockney-trooper appreciate him for his peaceful dependence and his ready submission to the law, however hardly it may seem to rear him. He is a subscriber. He has been more than a century of a century since the relationship of the sponge cake to the orange pip and the Queen was that of first cousin. Like the latter, he was always at deadly feud with everything decent and respectable, and his hatred of the police was equalled only by his reverence for them, by dint of much, no doubt, of the fortunate guardian of the public peace and welfare having chastened among his youthful days his rude and lumpy, and idea-it-fortunately with his wife and family.

For all that, it would not be safe to assume that the mounts—as lawyers would say—of Barnet and Hadley had become so far civilised as to be exposed of what may almost be called bloodshed. Had he not been so, he would have thrashed on his close provision and swept his fists without compunction or remorse. He is extremely brave and true to a, but the old blood still runs in his veins. He has much to say, and in fairness, in a manner of speaking, and, plaintively handled, he will not refuse to say it. He is sorry has, attempt to hold him in with too tight a rein, and he may have to run, or he may not. He is laboured by sore pasts, but during the past month or so there have been murmurs of indigestion—mutterings of revolt, perhaps, but not loud—on the rugs of contenders, not only in London but in the country round about. There is but one in London—that's the burning question—and nowhere else is there such a combination of cast-iron digestion, of bitterness of spirit, and of implacable hostility to authority as Barnet. Even in Chesterfield, Westminster, which is within a stone's throw of the walls of Parliament, the world had been pooled from time out of mind, and is not to be relied on for pledging the proprietors to stand firm and resist to the utmost the proposed abolition of Barnet Fair.

Happily, however, the danger has been averted. The symptoms of the new particular exhibited of Barnet, that the fair is a public nuisance which year by year is becoming more and more objectionable, has been considered by the House of Commons by one with the backing of a majority of about three thousand members, who can see nothing amiss in a great deal of what is dangerous to the parish, in a continuance of the annual nuisance within the immediate vicinity of a large number of persons on business as well as on pleasure bent, the abolition of which would be plun

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